

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.
ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, Room 3, Commissioners, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Ohio second floor, over the Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.
GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block, Dealer in promissory notes, manufacturers scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.
UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon Ohio, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie Street, Massillon, Ohio, \$100,000 Capital, \$50,000 Paid-up; C. Steese Cashier.

DRUGGISTS.
Z. T. RALTZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House Massillon, Ohio.

PHYSICIANS.
DR. W. H. KILLIAN, Homeopathic Practitioner, Office No. 35 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.
S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTURERS.
RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable Saws, Portable Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, etc.
MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Jos. Corns and Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.
MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufactures Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, etc.
MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO., Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.
GROCERIES.
D. ATWATER & SON, Established in 1852 Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Ware house in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.
C. F. VON KANEL, East Side Jewelry Store, C. East Main street.
JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc., No. 5 South Erie street.

Traveler's Register
 Trains leave and depart on Standard time 2 minutes slower than city time.
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 No. 605.....9:30 a. m.
 No. 606.....10:30 a. m.
 No. 607.....11:30 a. m.
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 No. 614.....6:30 p. m.
 No. 615.....7:30 p. m.
 No. 616.....8:30 p. m.
 No. 617.....9:30 p. m.
 No. 618.....10:30 p. m.
 No. 619.....11:30 p. m.
 No. 620.....12:30 a. m.
 No. 621.....1:30 a. m.
 No.



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(CONTINUED.)

"Where?" asked Laura, with a blanched cheek.

"He walked away in the presence of Captain Fitz Hugh, who would not detain him or inform me that he had gone till he was obliged to do so."

Laura clasped her hands and mutely breathed a blessing on the man who had spared her husband for her sake.

"How long has he been gone?" she asked.

"More than half an hour."

"Have you ordered his pursuit?"

"I have."

"And he has a start of?"

"Thirty minutes."

"You'll never take him. He bears a charmed life."

"And now, madam, what can I do for you? My friend charged me to see that you have every attention."

"I will go on and join my mother."

"Tonight?"

"Tonight—now."

"Your phaeton shall be at the door in a few minutes. You must accept my escort. There will be a guard besides."

"It is not necessary for you to go."

"I shall not permit you to go without me."

"Orderly! Hey, orderly! The lady's phaeton at once. And send for a corporal and six men."

In ten minutes Laura, Major Tallaferrero seated beside her, six stalwart cavalry men in gray about her, was on her way to join her mother.

CHAPTER XXI. THE BALL IS OPENED.



"General, permit me to introduce my wife."

Mark knew the direction of the roads leading from Anderson, and believed that he could avoid the pickets. Making his way over a space covered with bushes and a low growth of timber, he struck the road by which he had come that day at a point beyond the vedette. Then half a mile's run brought him, out of breath, to a house. The occupants were not asleep, and Mark succeeded by persuasion and threats in getting a horse to take him to Slack's, promising to send it back the next day with liberal pay for its use.

He arrived at Slack's shortly before midnight, and his horse, half exhausted in the yard, Slack received him with a shotgun pointed toward the crack of the door. Mark, now himself known and asked for his uniform and his arms. The old man got them for him, and taking them to the stable, Mark put them on. Then he went to a stall where his horse stood. The man knew her master when he threw his arms about her neck and seemed as glad to see him as he was to see her.

"Ah, Madge, my darling! Once on your back, old girl, and the devil may catch me if he can."

He lost no time in putting the bit in her mouth and strapping on the saddle. Then, putting his foot in the leather-covered stirrup, he lifted himself into his seat.

For the first moment in ten days Mark felt the comfort of being in the saddle with his arms about him.

A few steps took him out of the barn; then, turning his horse's head in the direction from which he had approached the place with Souri, he rode away among the trees. Before going a hundred yards he stopped and listened. Some sound had caught his ear. It was the gallop of horsemen. He waited, dreading a neigh from his own horse, which he patted to hold her attention. The horsemen passed on down the road.

"Ride on, brave boys," said Mark; "if you're after me, the faster you go in that direction the better I'll like it."

In the light of the waning moon he tramped over the shadows of leaves as on a "crazy quilt." He crossed the Sequatchie by the ford over which Souri had guided him, and took care not to head too far down the stream, as he had done before. Then he crossed the creek near the fallen log. He struck the road by which he had left Jasper just south of the fork at which Souri had halted him. Without hesitating a moment he struck out at a brisk canter over the left of the two roads—the one leading to Tracy City.

Mark had never experienced such sensations as now. On his own fleet horse, his carbine slung on his shoulder, his pistol at his side, on the road to the Union camps, a wife whom he adored to join him in case he should arrive safely—why should not the spirit within him fairly glow with hope?

And never had the beautiful Madge borne her rider with such evident exhilaration. Mark's feelings seemed to be infused into her as she sped on, her iron shoes dashing sparks from the stones, far brighter than the light of the waning moon glistening on the barrel of his carbine.

He reached Tracy at sunrise. He did not dare to go through the place, so he skirted it, and once above it rode along the mountain plateau over a road leading directly north. He was now familiar with the country. Arriving at a place called Johnston's, he struck off to the right to Purdon's, where two roads join, leading from there to Altamont.

Mark struck the main stem a few hundred yards from the junction. As he rode up a slight rise on to the road, he cast his eye to the right. There, standing at the fork, was a Confederate cavalry vedette.

He saw Mark as soon as Mark saw him. Shouting to the rest of the picket post, he dashed forward.

"Now for it, Madge!"

The animal knew by his tone that there was work to be done, and although she had been out since midnight she began the race with vigor. On sped the Union soldier, followed at a few hundred yards' distance by the Confederate, and half a mile behind by several others of the picket post. Mark was within range, but his pursuers did not care to draw rein in order to fire, doubtless fearing that if they should fail to bring him down by the bullet he would escape.

Madge did nobly, and had she not been riding up a mountain side for three or four hours would have easily distanced her pursuers. As it was, the man who followed first was gaining rapidly. Mark knew that he must either dispose of this fellow or be taken. Coming to a slight bend in the road, he rode a hundred yards beyond to a place where his pursuer must suddenly appear as he and the trees. Remaining in his horse, he faced about and stood still with his carbine at an arm. As soon as the man appeared Mark fired.

The Confederate fell from his saddle, and his horse made off into the woods.

Mark turned and was soon again flying forward. He judged that he could not be very far from the Union pickets between him and Altamont. Looking ahead he saw a horseman standing in the road. Whether he was Union or Confederate he did not know, but there was no way to escape the remainder of his pursuers except by keeping right on and trusting to meeting a friend. As he rode on he noticed that the horseman wore a forage cap. This looked well.

The Confederates nearly always wore hats. Then he could see that the man's body had a dark line. It must be alive. At last he came near enough to discern yellow facings.

There was a whistling of bullets by his ears; he turned his head and saw that his pursuers had halted. They had evidently seen the Union picket and fired a farewell volley at the fugitive.

Private Mark Malone was within the Union lines; his mission was ended.

Mark was taken to the officer in command at Altamont. On the way from the picket line he was informed that the place was occupied by McKibbin's division. When he reached his headquarters he made himself and his mission known, and in a few minutes a cipher telegram was on its way to General Thomas at McMinnville.

At about daylight yesterday with no force except a few cavalry, Chattanooga and Wither's marching north. The main army gone by rail from Chattanooga on the twenty-eighth to Knoxville. Private MARK MALONE.

Ten minutes later the spy was sound asleep on a camp in a tent belonging to one of the staff.

Mark had had no sleep for twenty-eight hours, and he found that time he believed that it would be taken and laughed. Now he slept a deep sleep. Hour after hour went by, and though bugles called and drums rattled he slept on. He dreamed that he was at Chattanooga. He was standing on the scaffold. Soldiers surrounded him. The noise was adjusted about his neck. He heard the sound of the ax as it cut the rope. He awoke with a cry.

Laura Fain—no, Laura Maynard—his wife was standing beside him.

She sank down on the cot, and in a moment they were in each other's arms. Neither spoke. Neither wished to do anything but leave tears of an exquisite happiness to flow on silently.

For a time Laura saw in Mark's face only a reflection of her own happiness. He was feasting his eyes upon her, pressing his fingers through her dark hair or smoothing it back with his hand, while he covered her face with kisses.

Suddenly a thought seemed to come between her and him.

"What is it, darling?" she asked anxiously.

"I was thinking"—said Mark. "But no; I will not think of that."

"Tell me."

"I was wondering—Laura, did you love him?"

Laura cast down her eyes.

"Love? Was it love?" She asked the question of herself. "It was a summer breeze, while this—"

"This?"

"Is a tempest."

Drawing her to him, before imprinting a kiss Mark added to her simile:

"A wild west wind."

"You are thinking of your Shelley," she said. "I shall love him too, now, since it was he who betrayed you to me."

"And I shall love him the more because he betrayed me—and made me!"

He did not finish. He was thinking of the morning in the garret when in her impetuous way she had claimed that saving his life had made her his owner. She remembered it, too, and smiling finished for him:

"And made you my slave. But who made me your lyre even as the forest is to the west wind?"

Her caresses prevented a reply for a time. When there was a pause Mark exclaimed wonderingly:

"Oh, woman, why must you so often deny to the worthy that which you may give in such abundance to one whose only recommendation is an ability to catch your fancy?"

Again there came into his face the expression of a thought which seemed for the moment to carry him away from her.

"What is it now?" she queried anx-

iously.

Mark smiled. "You will laugh at me when I tell you."

"Then you must be laughed at."

"I was wondering if, when I get back to headquarters, the general will want me to go right away on another mission."

Her arms were about him. She drew a little away and fixed her black eyes upon him. They shone like those of some savage but beautiful animal about to be bereft of her young.

"If you go again," she said fiercely, "into the presence of such a death I will go with you."

Mark made no reply, except to throw his arms about her neck and draw her to him again. Her fierceness was with him her chief charm. Then he made an effort to rise.

"Stay where you are," she said in the same imperious tone in which she had given the order once before when he threatened to leave the garret; "you shall lie there till you promise that you will be a spy no more."

"Let me up," cried Mark, smiling at her earnestness.

"Lie still!"

"Come, sweetheart," he said pleadingly, "let me get up, and I'll say with Hotspur to his Kate, 'When I'm on horseback I'll swear I love thee infinitely.'"

Mark was on his back, his arms pinioned. He was powerless. He was surprised at Laura's strength.

"Promise."

"Never!"

"Promise."

"Why so? I know I shall be dying to go again in a week."

"Then you shall lie there till the war is over."

"But I thought you told me once that if you were a man you would be all I have been."

"So I would. And you, being a man, might continue to be so were you the husband of any other woman; but mine, never!"

Mark looked into her eyes and knew that his career in the secret service had ended. The savage opposition he saw there to his ever again risking such a death as he had but a few days before barely escaped was too strong for him. Where was his adroitness, his ingenuity, his readiness in peculiar situations? Vanished under the gaze of his young wife. At last he was subdued by a girl.

The arrival of Laura the night before at the farmhouse where her mother had stopped, and awaited her coming anxiously, their resumption of their journey the next day, during which Laura confessed all to her mother, their safe arrival within the Union lines, the finding Mark at headquarters, may be passed over in a few short phrases.

Mark's meeting with his mother-in-law was, to say the least, embarrassing. Mrs. Fain received him with the same dignity that had characterized her throughout, but without her former cordiality. As yet she knew nothing about his connections, and she despaired to ask. But Mark had satisfied Laura, and the information she transmitted to her mother was in a measure mollifying.

That afternoon the party that had ridden into Anderson the day before rode out of Altamont in the direction of McMinnville. To all outward appearance the situation was the same, but really how different! Yesterday Mark was in imminent danger, while Laura was in a state of terror. Then they rode with scarcely a word. Now language was inadequate to convey all they wished to express.

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"I did."

"Had you not received the information before?"

"If we had, why should we be here?"

There was a brief pause.

"I have brought something besides information, general. May I introduce a party waiting outside?"

"Certainly."

Mark went out and brought in Laura and her mother.

"General, permit me to introduce my wife."

The general looked at the blushing Laura, then at her mother, then at Mark, in undisguised astonishment.

"I thought you had been on a scout," he said.

"I have."

"And courted and wed at the same time?"

"Yes, general."

"Be seated, ladies. Now explain all this."

Mark gave an outline of his adventures, his listener's eyes opening wider as he proceeded. When the recital was finished the general called out:

"Orderly!"

In a twinkling a man was standing in the tent waiting an order.

"Send for Chaplain Gadsden."

"Yes, sir."

"I am a trifle uncertain about that wedding," remarked the general. "I think we'd better have it done according to the regulations."

All smiled save Mrs. Fain, who, since she had been informed of all that had occurred from the time of Mr. Slack's arrival at her house to Laura's joining her the night before, maintained a rigid and dignified silence.

While they were waiting for the chaplain the general wrote a telegram to Mr. Fain, at Nashville, announcing the arrival of his wife and daughter. He did not mention the son-in-law.

The chaplain came, and the bride and groom were wed again—this time with ample witnesses, for the whole staff had been ordered to "report in person at headquarters to witness marriage ceremony." The general gave the bride away, and after the benediction, offering his arm to Mrs. Fain, led the way to another tent where a collation of foraged viands—forged unbeknown to the general, and consisting principally of cold chicken—was served. Unfortunately there was not a glass of wine in

camp for the ladies, the only spirits being "commisary" whisky and the "Robinson County" of the country.

While the party were refreshing themselves, word was received from Nashville that Mr. Fain was out of danger and impatiently awaiting his wife and daughter.

After communicating this pleasant bit of information, the general, turning to Mark, said:

"I shall need you hereafter on my staff. I have learned from your colonel that there is a vacant lieutenantancy for you in your regiment, and I will issue an order detailing you for duty with me. But this rank need be only temporary. The army is about to be divided into army corps, and my troops will constitute one of them. Under the recent law fixing the staff of corps commanders I shall nominate you for inspector general, with rank of lieutenant colonel, to be appointed by the president."

For the first time since she had been apprised of the fact that her daughter was a wife Mrs. Fain looked happy.

"General," said Mark, "while I appreciate the honor you so kindly bestow upon me, I would prefer, were it not for my wife, to remain in the secret service. She certainly deserves the distinction you offer, and I accept it for her. I rejoice at the prospect of being near you, and shall not be averse now, since I have so much to live for, to a service not connected with a constant reminder of help rope."

At this juncture an aid-de-camp entered and handed the general a telegram. He cast his eye over it and said:

"The ball is opened. Nelson is fighting the advance of Bragg's army at Richmond, Kentucky."

THE END.

A MUSICAL DOCTOR.

A Young Irish Woman Who Enjoys a Unique Distinction.

With the single exception of the Princess of Wales, who holds the title in a purely complimentary sense, Annie Wilson Patterson is the only woman in the British Empire who is a doctor of music. Dr. Patterson is a native of County Armagh, Ireland. She is a young and handsome woman of brilliant attainments. Her career has been an exceptionally promising one.

When but 14 years of age, Miss Patterson was proficient in the Italian, Latin, French and Greek languages. She had previously given evidences of the possession of great musical ability, and when 15 years old she entered the Royal Irish Academy of Music, from which she graduated in due time with high honors. Subsequently she became the conductor and musical director of the Dublin Choral Union.

Dr. Patterson has written many songs and cantatas of great merit and has been the recipient of several medals in recognition of her ability. She was graduated from the Royal Irish university as bachelor of music and bachelor of arts in 1887 and was graduated as doctor of music at the Royal Irish academy in 1889.

She has written some very pretty poetry and many able musical essays.

An Unanswerable Argument.

Father—But you have no means and no prospects. If I give my daughter to you what is to become of her?

Son—Well, sir, you are a wealthy man, and you are surely not going to see your daughter starve.—New York Press.

CHECKERS AND CHESS.

Checker Problem No. 208—By Zach Brown.

Black.

White.

Black to move and win. Chess Problem No. 208—By William A. Shinkman.

Black.

White.

White to play and mate in four moves. Chess Problem No. 207.

Black.

White.

1. 19 to 24

2. 24 to 27

3. 8 to 8

4. 10 to 15

5. 10 to 15

6. 28 to 27

7. 6 to 19

8. 1 to 17, and wins

Chess Problem No. 207.

Key move Kt x Q P

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"Then you must be laughed at."

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A NOBLE CAUSE.

Commander James S. Dean, of General Grant's G. A. R. Post, No. 1, at Chattanooga, N. Y., contracted an aggravated stomach trouble in the Army which resulted in chronic dyspepsia. Physicians without number prescribed but he suffered untold misery until he used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y.

"After using it a week," says Commander Dean, "I felt better, and in a short while was entirely cured, that terrible distress and food breaking up sour in my throat had all gone. To-day, there isn't a healthier man on earth. Comrades! if you're not well, try this great medicine on my recommendation, it's guaranteed to cure or money refunded."

I desire, says Quartermaster Wilbur L. Hale, of Post, G. A. R. Kingston, N. Y., to request my comrades to use Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I tried with Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Constipation, Rheumatism, Kidney or Urinary Troubles. It cured me of a most horrible case of Salt Rheum. Physicians gave me up as a lost cause. I am now healed every sore, strengthened my nerves and muscles. I now enjoy life."

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EDITORIAL ROOM—6—TWO RINGS.

THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY
INDEPENDENT BUILDING,
15 North Erie Street, - - MASSILLON, O.

THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1893.

Have you written to a member of legislature about the appropriation for the Massillon asylum? Those who cannot go to Columbus can write letters. Let everybody do something and we can secure a proper amount this year.

It is a lamentable fact that the state does not appropriate money strictly in accordance with the real necessities of the case, but rather in proportion to the amount of pressure brought to bear upon the legislature. We have not given the screw a sufficient number of turns. A little hard work and we can get fifty or sixty thousand dollars.

The now discredited statement that the Wheeling & Lake Erie had bought the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling line, is rather improbable on its face. The W. & L. E. already has terminals at two lake ports, and needs no more and it reaches Wheeling by another route than that traversed by the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling, and does not compete with it in the strict sense of the word.

There is no natural affinity between the two lines. Their consolidation is not impossible, of course, but there seems no business reason why it should.

The reading of a petition to the council last night, signed by J. W. McClymonds, W. A. Lynch and C. A. Gates, who request that the necessary steps be taken for the granting of a street railway franchise from Massillon southward, is the first gun in a campaign between the gentlemen named and Messrs. Warwick, Humberger, Steese and Young for the control of the right of way to Navarre. It goes to show that the line is regarded as worth building. The interest of the public is not as to which set of individuals shall have the privileges sought, but is to secure the construction of the road and its operation, in the best manner and in the least time. This being the case, there is one most important caution worth emphasizing and impressing upon the council, and it is to so frame the various resolutions and ordinances that the winning bidders for the franchise shall be bound beyond escape to build the road and to operate it within a reasonable length of time.

THE HEALTH REPORT.

In its news columns, to-day, THE INDEPENDENT presents a tolerably fair resume of Dr. Miller's health report. It is decidedly a pity that popular interest in subjects of such vital importance as that of sanitary conditions is not greater than it is, for the suggestions and advice offered are deserving of a much livelier discussion in official circles than they are likely to get. The remarks concerning pure water supply and sewer construction are of especial importance in view of a possible cholera scourge. We are not holding our water company to a sufficiently strict accountability, we are not inquiring about its ability to furnish us a constant stream of pure spring water, and when the disease comes, it may be too late. The fact that the sewers are not under any supervision, and are not therefore fulfilling their functions as they should is another matter of concern. As may be inferentially drawn from the report, the care of the sewers after construction should be vested in the board of health, and its officers should be held responsible for their condition. Dr. Miller's reports are always well prepared and readable, and this one is not an exception.

THE COUNTRY IS SAFE.

The governments of the world afford no more magnificent spectacle than was witnessed in Washington, at noon Saturday, as Benjamin Harrison, after the bestowal of all possible personal courtesy upon his successor, turned over his office to Grover Cleveland.

The one retiree to private life, conscious that he more than met the country's every expectation upon his accession to office, and deservedly rich in popular confidence and good will. His bitterest enemy concedes the purity of his administration and the wise conservatism of his official acts.

The other resumes his place as chief of the nation, as the representative of opposite economic ideas, but standing equally high in the esteem of all citizens, who are capable of rising superior to partisanship, and are willing to recognize a manly, honest man, under whatever party flag.

The United States can not be reasonably expected to prosper more greatly under the new regime than the old. At the very best the present government can only hold the business barometer where it now is, and Republicans, strong in their own beliefs, feel it doubtful whether the Democratic administration can reverse the legislation of the past four years, with out becoming responsible for depression and perhaps, calamity.

But whether this should prove the case or not, there are none except the officeholders now in place, who seriously fear that the dignity of the nation, or the detail work in the administration of its departments, will suffer through the change in the most responsible position the modern world knows.

GEORGE ZIELLEY IS DEAD.

THE END COMES AT TWO O'CLOCK THIS MORNING.

A One Time Well-to-do Hotel Man and Leader in Local Affairs Closes his Career at the County Infirmary—Funeral Tuesday Afternoon.

George Zielley died this morning at the Stark county infirmary. The body was brought to Massillon this afternoon, and the funeral will take place at 2 o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, from the home of E. B. Bayless, under Masonic auspices. Mr. Zielley went to the infirmary several months ago, to take charge of the stables. His health was then very poor, and a recent paralytic stroke caused death.

He was born somewhere along the Mohawk river in New York State about 72 years ago. Drifting to Ohio, he got into the horse business and was in it more or less until he virtually lost all he had, a short time ago. Before he was brought to the infirmary, he was both driven in the races on the old track, midway between the Canton and He and Dan were chums in boyhood, and friends in other years.

He went into the livery business in Canton, then came to Massillon and was a partner of Sam Hawk in the same line. Mr. Hawk went to New York, became a millionaire, built the St. Nicholas and Windsor hotels and died. After dissolving with Mr. Hawk he bought the old American House of C. D. Smith, and during war times made as much as \$300,000. He was liberal to a degree of prodigality.

Next he lost money in the coal business at Wayneburg, with the late James Lee. Going to Philadelphia, and into the hotel business there, he again lost money, and returned to Massillon to retrieve. He owned the old Tremont House, called it the Zielley House, and prospered. Here his wife died on Jan. 29, 1871. She was his uncle's widow when he married her. He was elected street commissioner two terms, and was the best we ever had.

In 1879 he and E. B. Bayless took the Tremont House and were together four years. He left for New Philadelphia with \$4,000 in clear money, and lost it all in the Sherman House. Then he came back to Massillon, and has been about here ever since. He could not get on, financially, however, and his fortunes went from bad to worse, until the once prominent and active leader in commercial affairs died under the sad circumstances stated.

He was a generous, warm hearted man, a good citizen, and there are many who will withhold from him a kind word and thought on this day of his death.

IN THE MAYOR'S COURT.

The mayor was informed this morning that two suspicious looking individuals were lurking in the vicinity of the rolling mill, and that they were seen to cross the fields from the Ft. Wayne track toward the river and were carrying something which they seemed very anxious to conceal. Police Officer Erie was at once detailed to find them, and he succeeded in arresting the men at the O. L. & W. and house. They were taken to the police station and searched.

They had in their possession a number of articles, including a pair of shoes, several dozen teaspoons, pocket knives, scissors, cuff buttons, and a number of other things which were no doubt stolen from some store. The prisoners will not be heard by the mayor today, but will be held on suspicion until the matter can be more thoroughly investigated.

THE BARBERS' UNION.

A Change in the Prices to be Charged, to Take Effect March 14.

The members of the newly organized Barbers' Union held a meeting last night, and decided that the shops should be closed at 8 o'clock each night during the week, with the exception of Wednesday night, when they will be kept open one hour longer, and Saturday night until 12 o'clock. The prices for work done were established as follows:

Shave, 10 cents; sea foam, 10 cents; tonic, 10 cents; violet or lavender water, 5 cents; beard trimmed, 10 cents; hair cutting, 25 cents; hair singed, 25 cents; shampoo, 25 cents; hair cutting and beard trimmed, 35 cents; eggs shampooed, 35 cents; ladies' bangs trimmed, 15 cents; ladies' shampoo, 50 cents. No reduction for children. This change will take effect on March 14.

Of Course You Read

The testimonials frequently published in this paper relating to Hood's Sarsaparilla are from reliable people, and are simple facts, and show beyond a doubt that Hood's Cures. Why don't you try this medicine? Be sure to get Hood's.

Constipation, and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver, are cured by Hood's pills. Unequalled as a dinner pill.

AID FROM CLEVELAND.

THE LEGISLATURE ASKED TO GIVE \$200,000 TO OUR ASYLUM.

A Resolution Adopted by the Cleveland Board of Control on this Subject This Session—The Cuyahoga Delegation in our Favor—On To Columbus.

At a meeting of the Cleveland City Board of Control, held Monday morning, Director Morrison had a resolution adopted asking the Cuyahoga county members in the general assembly to ask that \$200,000 at least be appropriated for the new insane asylum at Massillon. The object in having this done is that the Newburg asylum may be relieved and in turn the State may take care of the insane now kept by the city and county. The importance of this action, by so influential a body as the Cleveland Board of Control, cannot be overestimated. It will have the effect of committing the entire Cuyahoga delegation to Massillon's interests. It certainly suggests that if the city of Cleveland cares enough to ask the legislature to give the Massillon institution \$200,000, the people of this city ought to require no encouragement to rise up in numbers and go to Columbus to urge the same thing.

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.

Plenty of Candidates for All the Local Offices.

The Democratic city and township caucus was held in the Democratic club room last night. The attendance was good, Peter Smith presided and August Donant acted as secretary. The primaries will be held on Saturday, March 18, at the city prison, from 1 to 7 o'clock.

Additions to the names presented may be made up to Thursday night, through any member of the committee. A joint meeting of the nominated candidates and central commit men will be held Tuesday night, March 14.

The list of names placed in nomination last night is as follows:

CITY TICKET.

Marshal, Thomas Hagan.

Street commissioner, William Vogt.

City solicitor, R. W. McCaughy.

Treasurer, Paul Kirchbofer.

Council—First ward, Edward Segner; second, Philip Sonnenlater; third, Christian Lucius; fourth, Peter Smith, Perry H. Young.

Assessors—First ward, Henry Sibila; second, J. P. Hollender; third, George Frantz; fourth, August Donant; F. O. J. Emmerich.

TOWNSHIP TICKET.

Treasurer, Tobias Schott.

Justice, Mathias Erie.

Justice of the peace, H. B. Sibila.

Assessor, Jacob Stump.

LIQUOR LAW TINKERING.

Another Bill Introduced for Cheaper Licenses.

HARRISBURG, March 8.—In the senate yesterday the bill repealing the local option law in Verona borough was postponed when it was reached on final passage. This bill was defeated by a few votes last week, but Senator Flinn succeeded in having the vote reconsidered, and will shortly make another attempt to get it through. The bills passed finally constituting Jefferson county a separate judicial district and fixing the terms of notaries public.

In the senate these bills were introduced.

By Dunlap, of Philadelphia, to provide for a license to sell malt and brewed liquors at \$500 in cities of the first and second classes; \$250 in cities of the third class, and \$150 in all other cities. No change is proposed in license law applying to boroughs and townships.

By Herring, of Columbia, to enable towns, boroughs and municipalities heretofore chartered by special act to surrender their charters and license, subject to the general borough law.

By Dunlap, of Beaver, to provide for the erection of workhouses in counties having 70,000 inhabitants and over, provided the consent of the grand jury and court are obtained.

By Hickenberg, of Northumberland, to extend penal law to exhibitions by operatic and theatrical managers.

By Mitchell, of Jefferson, declaring no inquest necessary before sale on levira facias.

By Dunlap, of Beaver, to appropriate \$15,000 to the Memorial Hospital association in Monacauchey City.

By McCarell, of Dauphin, to give the auditor general full power to supervise and settle all accounts of officers who collect state fees. The bills to stand aside jurors and to fix telephone tolls were recommitted to enable interested parties to be heard on them.

In the senate bills were passed finally as follows: Authorizing corporations to increase the capital stock for corporate purposes; authorizing the state board of agriculture to have an agent known as the dairy and food commissioner; regulating the change of location of the principal office, the place of annual and other meetings of stockholders and the time of such meetings of corporations.

LICENSES FOR HOSPITALS.

Labor Day to be Celebrated on Saturday Instead of Monday.

HARRISBURG, March 8.—The house passed finally the bill to provide for the licensing and regulation of lying-in hospitals. It then got into a long discussion over the bill providing for the expense of the school directors in attending the triennial convention to select the county superintendent, and also for the same in attending the annual county directors' institute or association, and providing penalties for receiving any money or valuable thing for the attendance or vote at the same.

The measure was amended to provide a \$2 fee for attending the triennial convention to elect county superintendents and then laid over.

Other bills which the house passed finally are: Those allowing clerks, magistrates and justices of the peace fees for affidavits of claims and copies thereof and making the first Saturday in September Labor Day instead of the first Monday.

MRS. JANE WILSON'S DEATH.

An Aged Resident Dies Suddenly at Her Home in Grant Street.

Mrs. Jane Wilson, aged 73 years, died at 9 o'clock last night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Willison, in Grant street, of heart failure. Mr. and Mrs. Willison were just about to retire for the night when Mrs. Willison heard a peculiar noise in her mother's room. She called to her husband and ran down, but just in time to lift her mother's head as that lady drew her last breath.

Mrs. Wilson was born in Ireland in 1820, and has been a resident of this city for 21 years. She made many friends, and her sudden death was a great shock to all.

Funeral Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock from the house, No. 13 Grant street.

STREET RAILWAY TALK.

DISCUSSION PRECIPITATED BY A FORMAL PETITION.

Mr. Killinger Says That the Proposed Extension is Required by a Contract of Long Standing—Others Think That it has an Ulterior Object.

The presentation of a petition to the council last night, signed by J. W. McClymonds, C. A. Gates and W. A. Lynch, asking for a street railway franchise, in South Erie street, to the new asylum grounds, has precipitated a lively discussion as to whether the embryo company, or the existing company, should eventually be granted the right of way.

General Agent Killinger, of the Canton-Massillon company, said this afternoon that his company had agreed to extend a line to the asylum grounds months ago, and that agreement had had much to do with Massillon's securing the asylum. The petition was, therefore, the first step in the carrying out of pledges heretofore made, and which the company were in honor bound to make good. As to the extension to Navarre, that, too, was coming in time. No distinct promise under that head could now be made. His company had no desire to antagonize any new organization and the request for an extension of franchise had no such purpose back of it. It was merely in furtherance of long made plans.

Mr. Killinger further suggested that it would be to Navarre's advantage to secure an extension of the Canton-Massillon line, as thereby a lower rate to Canton could be had, than by depending upon two companies.

The objections to the granting of the petition is on the ground that no franchise for anything less than a road from Massillon to Navarre should be granted at this time; that the greater includes the less, and that to grant a franchise down to the asylum grounds alone might defeat the efforts of the new company, without binding the old to anything but a short extension. They contend that the council should only consider the matter of bridging the gap between Massillon and Navarre, and by asking for proposals for the construction and operation of such a road, all parties at interest would have equal opportunity to bid.

NAVARRA, March 3.—A petition is being circulated here, among our citizens, asking the city council to grant a right of way, for the construction and operation of an electric railway, to W. B. Humberger, O. E. Young, C. Steese and W. K. L. Warwick, of Massillon. Several of the gentlemen have been here, and have requested signatures to this petition. They propose to build a road from Massillon to Navarre. Nearly everybody has signed the document, and the council will act at a next meeting. The only opposition is from four business men, who are opposed to the building of any road.

The promoters of the enterprise declare that if they secure the desired franchise they will put the road through at once. Navarre people will take any necessary steps to further the movement, when convinced that the proposition is in good faith, as they are assured that this is. The interested persons deny that they propose securing rights for speculative purposes, or for eventual transfer to the Canton-Massillon Electric Railway Company. They state that they are convinced of the desirability of such a railroad, and are prepared to proceed immediately.

WILMOT.

The Rev. John Kneale, a local minister in the M. E. church, a prosperous farmer and a leading member of Sugar Creek grange, P. of H., was buried Thursday at Winesburg. The body was present were Castle, Houck and Scarborough, of the M. E., and Fetzer, of the German church.

Daniel Foreman is dangerously ill.

Alf Segrist returned Saturday with a car load of Nebraska horses.

Joseph Wilhelm will move to Strasburg in a few weeks.

We noticed Ben Weldon, of Burton City, formerly of this place, on our streets last week.

Fred and Joseph Olmstead, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, are visiting relatives here.

The U. S. of this place and the valley tendered their pastor, Rev. J. D. Wyandt, a donation Saturday.

Another of our leading citizens, Joseph W. Putman, ended his life Thursday last at his home on Winesburg street. Interment Sunday in the new cemetery. The Rev. M. T. Scarborough officiated.

That cure of Geo. W. Turner, of Galway, N. Y., of scrofula, by Hood's Sarsaparilla, was one of the most remarkable on record.

The best he has ever tried. E. G. Bowling, Esq., Aquasco P. O., Md., one of the largest planters in that section of the state, writes: "I take pleasure in recommending Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup as the best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever tried. Both my self and family have used it with most satisfactory results."

For all derangements of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the speediest and most reliable remedy.

In the advanced stages of Consumption, this wonderful preparation affords great relief, checks coughing, and induces sleep.

Subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT.

A FRANCHISE IS WANTED.

THE ASYLUM IS CERTAIN TO HAVE AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Representatives of the Canton-Massillon Company Get in Their Petition First—The Council in a Tangle on West Main Street Paying—The Fire Alarm.

With the exception of Mr. Matthews, all members of the city council were present at the meeting Monday. Very little business was transacted, but the meeting was, owing to the discussion on the West Main street paving, an unusually long one.

WEST MAIN STREET.

A petition signed by the property owners in West Main street, petitioning the council to pave West Main street between the canal bridge and the O. L. & W. road, was also read, and Mr. Cameron's motion the petition was accepted. The subject was opened for discussion, and after a hot debate as to why the street should not be paved to Henry street, President Hering declared the petition out of order and insisted upon the decision on the same petition which was brought up two weeks ago being allowed to stand. The question was voted upon and the decision of the chair sustained. Later on Mr. Hering's motion to the effect that the city solicitor be instructed to report an ordinance and resolution for the paving of West Main street from the canal bridge to Grant street was carried.

The following petition requesting the right of way for the construction of a street railroad on the Navarre road was read, and Mr. Shoemaker's motion of acceptance was carried.

PETITION IN FULL.

The undersigned hereby make application for authority to construct, maintain and operate street railway, with proper side tracks, switches, turnouts and fixtures, for transportation of passengers, baggage, mail and light express matter upon public highway known as the Navarre road, beginning at the end of South Erie street, at the corporation line of the City of Massillon, thence southward to said highway, for a south line of the asylum grounds so called, the right to continue for such period as the council may determine. They ask the council to take the necessary legal steps for the establishment of said proposed route and to authorize the construction and preparation of such road.

Signed,

J. W. McClymonds,

W. A. LYNCH,

C. A. GATES.

SELECT COMMITTEES.

The committee appointed to confer with the street railway company about the rate of fares at which the city cars are now run, owing to the absence of several members of the company, were unable to make a satisfactory report. Granted one more week.

A bill was presented by Wm. Everhart, in the sum of \$100, which he claims is due him for the killing of his horse on the river bridge in Short East street, Saturday. The animal stepped in a hole in one of the planks and broke its leg, making it necessary to shoot the horse. On motion of Mr. Young, referred to committee on claims and accounts and the solicitor.

A petition requesting the paving and grading committee to secure an estimate of the cost of constructing a suitable foot bridge across the canal at the west end of Railroad street, was adopted.

A letter from the Michigan Steel

Ballot Box Company, offering to furnish the city with boxes for trial free of charge, was read. No action was taken.

FIRE ALARM BOXES AGAIN.

A proposal was received from the Akron Electrical Company, who stated that they will furnish an electrical fire alarm system of 20 boxes, to the city of Massillon for \$4,000. They propose to provide all material and labor, with the exception of poles. They also stated that their system is guaranteed and if it does not give satisfaction it will not have to be paid for. Mr. Segner moved that the Akron proposal be accepted and placed on file. Carried.

The Gamewell system which is now under construction in the city was alluded to, and by referring to his books, City Clerk Bayless showed that in September 1892, a resolution was adopted to award the contract of erecting a fire alarm system to the Gamewell Company, and that \$1,000 was to be paid as soon as the system was completed.

BILLS PAID.

Charles Stelling, \$7.00

Thomas Haggan, 6.00

THE RUSSELLS MEET.

Judge Young Elected the Club's President, Last Night.

The Russells met last night in the office of THE INDEPENDENT, to perfect the organization. Two new offices were created, that of president and vice president. To the former Otto E. Young was elected. W. R. Lipps was chosen vice president.

The contract for supplies—seventy-five balls and three dozen bats, was awarded to the Bahney-Spalding Company.

The season will open April 15 by a game with the Dubuque, probably. Manager Lipps is negotiating with the Cleveland League team for a game on April 22. The Russells will be exceptionally strong this year, and good business is expected.

WAGES GO UP.

Conrad, Dangler & Brown Voluntarily Increase Their Pay.

Conrad, Dangler & Brown voluntarily advanced the wages, this morning, of every person in their employ. The indications for an excellent season are such that the firm felt like having every man on the pay roll share in the increasing prosperity, and hence this action.

The fact that an increase of this kind has been made without solicitation on the part of the beneficiaries is such as to merit conspicuous notice. Doubtless if other firms were as ready to make their employees feel the coming of better times, as they are the approach of the dull seasons, a better spirit would prevail throughout the country between employer and employed.

For all derangements of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the speediest and most reliable remedy.

In the advanced stages of Consumption, this wonderful preparation affords great relief, checks coughing, and induces sleep.

Subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT.

U. S. Government Baking Powder Tests.

The report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made by the U. S. Government (Chemical Division, Ag'l Dept.), shows the Royal superior to all other powders, and gives its leavening strength and the strength of each of the other cream of tartar powders tested as follows:

LEAVENING GAS.	
Per cent.	Cubic in. per oz.
ROYAL, Absolutely Pure,	13.06
12.58	151.1
11.13	133.6
10.26	123.2
9.53	114.
8.29	111.6
8.03	98.5
7.28	87.4
4.98	65.5

Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, and of greater leavening power than any other powder.

THAT CITY HOSPITAL.

A PLAN FOR SUCH AN INSTITUTION IS NOW IN READINESS.

Steps to be Taken at Once to Form a Hospital Association, and to Lease a Building for Hospital Purposes—Outline of the New Scheme Presented.

In procuring an interview with O. C. Horton, on Saturday, on the subject of the desirability of a city hospital, the reporter was not aware that Dr. F. G. Jones has already under way a plan of organization, that has been presented to many citizens and professional men, and one that will be put in motion at once. In short, it may be said that Massillon is to have a hospital, free from private influence, subject to the control of neither school of practice, and possessing the general features of all similar institutions elsewhere.

As every movement must have a starting point, this enterprise is being pushed by Dr. Jones. He proposes to rent a house capable of giving accommodation to about 25 patients, and he is looking for the proper structure now. As soon as he closes a contract, the other work will begin. The building secured, he proposes to assume personal responsibility for the needful furniture and equipment, investing probably about \$1,500 at the start. This done he proposes to turn the entire institution over to a board of twelve trustees, of recognized standing, who will assume the indebtedness, and direct the operations of the hospital free from any obligation to any individual. A number of these trustees have been selected and have consented to serve.

The trustees will at once elect the usual officers and a superintendent. The latter office Dr. Jones desires to fill for the term of one year. The trustees will also select a staff of four physicians and four surgeons, from both schools of practice. One physician and one surgeon will serve for a stipulated period, and during that period will have automatic control of all charity patients, the authority of the superintendent being, of course, limited to the executive hospital work and the carrying out of the instructions of the physicians in charge.

A matron who must be a graduate of a school of nurses will be permanently employed, and in a very short time, if all plans are carried out, a full fledged hospital, under the care of a local board of trustees, will be ready to receive patients.

Voluntary patients can, of course, elect their own physicians, and their compensation will largely support the institution, to which can also be diverted the money the township now pays the infirmary for the care of the invalid poor. This is the general plan, the details of which will develop from time to time.

Jenny Lind's Frankness.

Jenny Lind's judgment of books, though undirected by anything like literary training, always showed independence and penetration. She was a devoted lover of Carlyle's writings, and the last book she read before her death was Mr. Norton's volume of the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson. No doubt her admiration for the great denouncer of shams was largely due to the intense sincerity of her own character, which made it impossible for her to tolerate even those slight deviations from strict truthfulness which are seldom taken seriously, but are looked upon as the accepted formula of society. "I am so glad to see you" would hardly have been her greeting to a visitor whose call was inconvenient or ill timed. But, on the other hand, her downrightness of speech had nothing in common with that of Mrs. Candour; it carried no discourtesy with it.—R. J. McNeill in Century.

A Commission to—

WASHINGTON, March 8.—It is stated here that Secretary Gresham's assistants will be rapidly selected and the policy of the administration in its dealings with the Hawaiian problem at once formulated. Secretary Gresham, it is stated, is fully convinced that there was altogether too much haste in framing the treaty. It is reported that the first step to be taken will be to send a commission to Hawaii to investigate the situation. If the sentiment is genuinely favorable to annexation, there would be ample time to formulate a new treaty in time for its presentation to the senate next December.

Seventeen Serbian Rioters Shot.

VIENNA, March 8.—

WITH THE HIRED MAN

BILL NYE TELLS A STORY OF A MAN'S WIFE WHO SUDDENLY LEFT.

But When He Found Her at a Show and Said, "Here's Your Shawl, Mother," She Was Willing Enough to Go Back Home With Him.

There is no place like a smoking car on a local train for studying the human being of the male sex, with now and then a few dago hyenas of the softer sex. The American smoking car near the city is a Mot' street, a Chatham square, a dose of the French quarter, a Little Italy and a Klein Deutschland, with a sprinkling of free born salivary sovereigns of the republic.



Farther away one begins to find in Michigan the Hollander who likes to colonize a swamp with Holland neighbors and then play in the mud till he gets a rich, productive farm and webs between his toes. Then he will go quacking about over it with a joyful waddle that a high bred American farmer would pause to despise.

Then in Minnesota he begins to hear the "yente" bobolink language of the Swede, the Dane and the Norwegian. Here in southern Missouri and Kansas and Nebraska one encounters the Populist. But you must ride in the smoking car if you want to do all this. You can't go through America in a palace car and understand the country any more than you can call on the czar of Russia and get points on the suffering of the people there.

Riding through some of the regions of the south, where the moonlight whisky, or American vodka, flows, and the white corn is worked up into food, drink, lodging, mirth and 30 days in the "cold storage" of the county, one may be asked to take a swig from the large bottle, around the neck of which seven or eight tawny mustaches have been already twined.

You can refuse, however, by stating that you promised a dying mother—anybody's dying mother will do—that you would not take anything in the way of liquor; also that you have just taken a large drink.

One also encounters the local farmer everywhere, hard of hand, faded of beard and proud to know the "guard." Yesterday a middle aged farmer sat across the aisle from me in the smoking car. He was dressed up when he left home, but no porter had brushed the nap from his clothes and no comb or brush had daubed with his locks. Even the wailing wind outside was sobbing because it had failed to blow through the jungles of his whiskers.

By and by an old acquaintance came in and was welcomed as a friend is welcomed always by one who has been alone "on the cars" for a fortnight or so.

"How are you, Henry?" said the traveler. "I'm glad to run across ye, I declare."

"Middlin; just middlin, Elias. How are you?"

"Tol'able, thank ye; tol'able."

"Well, ain't you a good ways from home?"

"Yes, Henry, but I bin a good deal furdin' this."

"Well, well! Where have ye been to?"

"Well, it's no secret at our place, Henry, that my woman went away with a farmhand of mine, and I've been to try and see her. You know how most every paper you pick up now has two or three cases like this, 'Gone with the hired man.' I can hear it night and day, Henry. The trucks of the train say it to me. The dinner bells at the estate stations jingles it out, and sometimes I can't eat nor sleep. Today I've only a red apple and a glass revolver of candy. Here's the revolver now. My liver is inactive, and I feel bad."

"Well, where have ye been to?"

"I was afraid she'd went off with the odd horse when I got in for supper, and I hopped on my off one that I'd been haulin' with and started for the station, eight miles off. I was too late for that train and had to take the next one. But where to? The agent thought the hired man bought two tickets for Murdock, but wasn't shore about it. I bought for Murdock, but she'd went away with Arthur."

"I always called him Arthur. He was from Kansas City, he claimed, and led a life of gayety there. He wanted to come on the farm and stiddy down. Well, I knew if Arthur worked the way I did a few years it would stiddy him down so that his own mother wouldn't know him. 'Poor boy,' mother said, 'you mustn't work him too hard till he gets used to it. So I let him chore around a good deal, beatin' carpets and turnin' the wringer, etc., whilst I pulled stumps and did other light work till I could hardly stand up."

"Arthur knew a little music and could play tunes on the cottage organ with one hand as well or better'n he could with both."

"When he wanted a fried chicken or preserves, he would tell mother how he had no mother and had been drowed

into evil ways by bad men. Did you ever notice, Henry, how even the devil, if he's a married man, would make his wife believe that he was led into his present business by bad, designing men? I'll bet he does just that way, and his wife says to him: 'Sate, you are too popular. Everybody likes you, and you hate to refuse 'em, and by and by you step aside from the path of rectitude.'

"Arthur could crochet, too, and he would spring up and help mother peel potatoes whilst I set there all beat out with hard work. I felt kind of foolish about it first, but after awhile I said, 'I am supporting mother, and it don't give me time to fondle her so much as I'd like,' and I would feel bitter then towards somethin' or 'nother that made me have to pull weeds and haul refuse from the barn all day till I was most dead and then set round at night so tired that I was like a big unsavory beast, with hard, crooked paws on me and hair like a badger."

"I'd snooze in spite of myself, whilst mother (I always called her mother after Sid was born, but she was just only crowdin' 40 when she went with the hired man) set and sewed a blue woodpecker onto a felt tidy while Arthur read one of E. P. Roe's works out loud."

"Arthur used to be quite a youmorist, too, and asked mother when she worked on that job whether she 'felt tidy,' and mother would laugh, and I never got onto the joke till yesterday on the cars. Travelin' seems to brighten up a man, I think, sometimes."

"Well, did you ever find her?"

"Well, I tell you how it was. I got all worn out and give it up when I got to Kansas City, and thought I'd go to a show one night and try to forget about my trouble. I had mother's shawl along with me always over my arm, for I knew she left in such a hurry that she couldn't provide herself and might need it if she was out much nights."

"Arthur took all of his cloze with him and \$200 that I was to get another team with, but that's neither here nor there. I don't know where it is, but I don't believe mother knew Arthur took it."

"Well, the show was a vaudeville, with what they call speshelties thrown in it. One man was down for a sort of alcoholic thing that was claimed to be the most difficult and dangerous thing that was ever attempted to be done by man or beast. Well, it turned out to be sort of a midair jump from one of these here trapezes to another one, and I seen in two seconds that the feller was my hired man. He chalked his hands and razzmized his moggasins, and away he went up a rope and hung there like a cat that's been tressed by a dog. He hopped around there and swung away out over the audience. He was dressed in sort of tights, and one of the ushers sort of laughed and said the feller had on an extra tight, he thought. 'My God,' says I, 'will the cuss do such things as that with a jag on him and scarcely anything else?'

"Just then the drum give a big thump like a blast in a deep well, and the fellow made a long jump, and before I could holler 'What he lit in the aisle as near as me and you is. The blood squirted out of his nose, and I heard his neck crack, and the doctor that looked at him sez, 'se: 'e."

"Take him to his home; he is dead," sez 'e. "He has no home," sez the stage manager. "Here, Mand," he sez, "where shall we send him to?"

"It's none of Mand's business where he goes to," sez another girl with tar on her eyelashers and a coat of pink white-wash on her as far as the eye could reach. Her name was Little Flossy, they sed. 'We've been married twice, him and me,' she sed, and throwed her gum in the other girl's face. Mand hit her over the eye with a Roman stab knife that scalped Flossy and left her in her own hair, which hurt her feelin's worse'n 'e she had had her head cut off."

"Well, they fought over the matter, Arthur's two widders did, till they had to be sent to the courthouse in their mackintoshes."

"Then I saw mother had been watchin' the whole business, and she looked broke down and shamed. She give a smart look at the remains and shivered as you would to see a murderer mugged up by a wabby gallus."

"It don't seem like I ever saw any-thing sadder or humbler than mother. She leaned down in her otry seat and prayed—prayed for herself, mind ye. She never had to do that before. She didn't need it."

"Well, well! Where have ye been to?"

"Well, it's no secret at our place, Henry, that my woman went away with a farmhand of mine, and I've been to try and see her. You know how most every paper you pick up now has two or three cases like this, 'Gone with the hired man.' I can hear it night and day, Henry. The trucks of the train say it to me. The dinner bells at the estate stations jingles it out, and sometimes I can't eat nor sleep. Today I've only a red apple and a glass revolver of candy. Here's the revolver now. My liver is inactive, and I feel bad."

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